her (childe) if ſhe be a whore.

Euan. For ſhame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the childe ſuch words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

Euan. O'man, art thou Lunaties? Haſt thou no vnderſtandings for thy Caſes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

M. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Euan. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Euans. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Page. He is a better ſcholler then I thought hee was.

Euans. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page*.

Miſ. Page. Adeu good Sir *Hugh*.
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, M. Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans Shallow.

Fal. (*Miſ. Ford*) Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Miſtris *Ford*, in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the accuſtrement complement, and ceremony of it: But are you ſure of your husband now?

M. Ford. Hee's a birding (ſweet Sir *Iohn.*)

Miſ. Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*; what hoa.

Miſ. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn.*

Miſ. Page. How now (ſweet heart) whoſe at home.

beſides

beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Miſ. Page. Indeed?

Miſ. Ford. No certainly; Speake louder.

Miſ. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you haue no boc

Miſt. Ford. Why?

Miſ. Page. Why woman, your husband is i
lines againe; he ſo takes on yonder with my h
railes againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all E
ters, of what complexion ſoeuer; and ſo buffett
on the for-head; crying peere-out, peere-out, tha
neſſe I euer yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, ci
patience to this his diſtemper he is in now. I am
fat Knight is not heere,

Miſ. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miſ. Page. Of none but him, and ſweares h
ried out the laſt time hee ſearch'd for him, i
Proteſts to my husband he is now heere, and h
him and the reſt of their company from thei
make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But
the Knight is not heere; now hee ſhall ſee his
leric.

Miſ. Ford. How neere is he Miſtrs *Page*?

Miſt. Page. Hard by, at ſtreet end; he will be

Miſt. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere;

Miſt. Page. Why then you are vtterly ſham
but a dead man. What a woman are you? Awa
away with him; Better ſhame, then murther.

Miſt. Ford. Which way ſhould he goe? How
ſtow him? Shall I put him into the basket aga

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not goe out ere he come?

Miſt. Page. Alas: three of Maſter *Fords* br
the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue ou
you might ſlip away ere hee came: But wh
heere?